

PROG 466
19 APR 86

IN ORBIT
EVERY
MONDAY

2000 AD

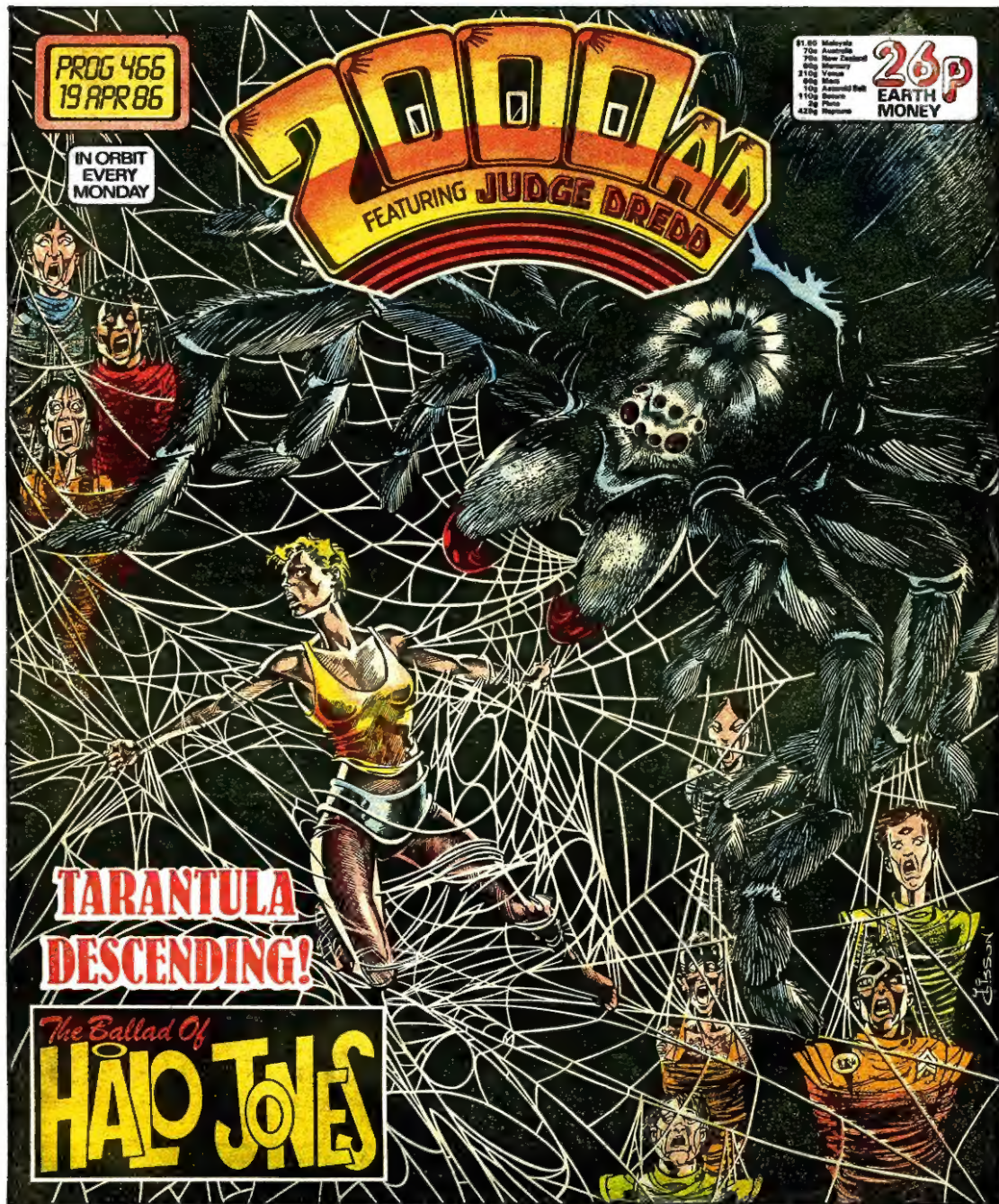
FEATURING JUDGE DREDD

£1.00
70c
70c
70c
210c
80c
10c
£1.00
10c
42c

26p
EARTH
MONEY

TARANTULA
DESCENDING!

The Ballad Of
HALO JONES



NERVE CENTRE

BORAG THUNGG, EARTHLETS.

Welcome to the galaxy's greatest comic! I have some good news for you, and some not so good news. The not so good news is that this prog sees the final episode of *The Ballad Of Halo Jones*, thus bringing Book 3 of the saga to a close. It shall be sorely missed! The good news is that you have only a couple of weeks to wait for my 9th Birthday Prog, which contains no less than 3 zarjaz new series! A trailer for one of them, *Bad City Blue*, appears later in this prog, but to help the fortnight flash by this issue also offers its own thrill-powered pair: a 2-part *Judge Dredd* tale drawn by Art Robot Cam Kennedy, and a Pin-Up of *Strontium Dog* which hints at the new mood of the story...the new bad mood!

SPLUNDIG VUR THRIGG!

THARG

JUDGE HOAGY

Drawn by Earthlet Karl Hunt,
Norwich. £10 Winner.



THARG
THE
ROBO-
CIGAR

Drawn by Earthlet
Rachel Heath,
Liverpool.
£10 Winner.

GIMME! GIMME! GIMME!

O Mighty One,

In response to your call for suggestions for 2000 AD's next zarjaz free gift, I find it necessary to write and say "Gimme Gimme Gimme" a car sticker. This should be based on the picture from Prog 459, by Art Droid Cliff Robinson, and would be applied to my sister's new (to her) mini, into which people keep crashing.

From Earthlet Will, Axbridge, Somerset. £5 Winner.

An excellent idea, especially if it would remind more Terrans to drive with more caution. I shall research the costs, and inform you of my progress.

TRIVIAL QUESTION (5,999 TO GO!)

Dear Tharg the Mighty,

At this present stage in the Time/Space Continuum, there is a board game on Earth selling in much the same way new plastic cups must do on Quaxxann. The name of the game is TRIVIAL PURSUIT. This game has many variations, such as sport and science, but I have not yet seen a version based on 2000 AD. Surely 6,000 questions based on your zarjaz publication is not too much to ask for, is it?

From Earthlet Tom Simpson, London. £5 Winner.

Not at all, though I think the name of this new game should be changed to reflect the nature of the Squaxx dek Thargo...perhaps it could be called SERIOUS FOLLOWING.

GREAT NEWS!

Dear Tharg,

I have collected your scrotnig comic since Prog 73, but three weeks ago my mum threw away all of my progs, from 73 right up to 338! She said they were cluttering up my cupboard! This was a massive thrill-power loss to my circuits, but I've been reading through those of my back progs still in existence (Prog 339 onwards) to help me recover from the shock, and I've come across a prog without a cover. It's got *Judge Dredd* in part 4 of "Apocalypse War" inside; could you please tell me which number it is?

From Earthlet T. Logan, Crawfordsburn, N. Ireland. £5 Winner.

I am delighted to be able to announce that your thrill-sucked parent *did not* throw away all of your progs from 73 - 338...the 4th episode of "Apocalypse War" appeared in Prog 248.

A RISE, NOBLE EARTHLET!

Dear Tharg,

I read ancient Earthlet Michael Campbell's wingeing letter with some disgust (Prog 456). So, the whelp had a letter printed but didn't claim his prize, and now he wants it! Wasn't the recognition enough? How would he feel if, like me, he'd had a drawing of 'Strontium Frog' published in no less a thing than a 2000 AD Annual, and had received no money for that? I'll bet he'd be writing sarcastic letters to you! Not like me. I'll just try to manage on my pension and forget the money I've never received from you. I don't mind at all. Really. Not a bit.

From Earthlet Mark Tomlinson, Netherton.

It is not often that one witnesses such selfless behaviour - not on this planet, anyway. Your original prize of £3 will now be upgraded, as a reward for your noble attitude, to the scrotnig sum of £4!

VOTE HERE!

Each week Tharg displays your drawings and letters on his Nerve Centre. There are big cash prizes for every entry published, so write to him now! The address is: THARG'S NERVE CENTRE, COMMAND MODULE 2018, KING'S REACH TOWER, STAMFORD STREET, LONDON SE1 9LS.

List your three favourite stories
IN THIS PROG on the coupon and
enclose it with your entry.

1.....

2.....

3.....

I Dislike:.....

My Age is..... 466

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EVERY NIGHT
I DREAM OF
SPIDERS.

EVERY NIGHT I STRUGGLE
IN A WEB FULL OF CORPSES,
UNABLE TO TWIST FREE.
WHY? WHY SHOULD I
DREAM OF BEING SO
THREATENED WHEN THINGS
ARE GOING SO WELL?

WE'LL BE
GOING SOON,
MY LOVE.
AWAY TO THE
DISTANT
SYSTEMS.

I CAN'T GET OUT.
EVERYONE I'VE LOST
HANGS SILENT AROUND
ME, NO LONGER
STRUGGLING. SOON
I'LL BE LIKE THEM.

THESE
HEARINGS...
THEY'RE LIKE
WAR CRIME
TRIALS. YOU SAID
YOU'RE INNOCENT.
WHY WON'T THEY
BELIEVE
YOU?

THE
DOLPHINS
HOUND ME,
SEEKING A
SCAPEGOAT
FOR THE WAR,
BUT THAT
DOESN'T
MATTER. WE ARE
TOGETHER. WE
HAVE THIS
SHIP.

SOON WE
SHALL BE
FREE.

DOWN THE WEB,
SOMETHING
HUNGRY AND
HEARTLESS
INCHES
TOWARDS ME...

BECAUSE
THEY ARE
BLINKERED, SELF-
RIGHTEOUS
FOOLS. NO MATTER.
AT LEAST YOU
BELIEVE ME. AT
LEAST I HAVE
YOU.

IT'S GOT ME. SOMETHING
SOFT AND DAMP BRUSHES
MY CHEEK, ITS FUR
MATTED TO STICKY
POINTS. I STARE UP,
TRANSFIXED, INTO TOO
MANY EYES. THE
SCREAMING BEGINS...

... AND THEN
I WAKE...

... AND
EVERYTHING'S
JUST FINE.

15: Tarantula
Descending

2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPTS: ROBERT
ALAN MOORE
ART: NIGEL
IAN GIBSON
EDITOR: JIMMY
RICH

COMPU: 73e

The Ballad Of HALO JONES

THIS AFTERNOON, THERE WAS ANOTHER HEARING. THEY KEPT ASKING LUIZ ABOUT THE DEVASTATED WARZONE: A WHOLE PLANET ERASED BY FIRESTORMS.

A BURNED WORLD.

GENERAL CANNIBAL HER SERENITY NOTES YOUR EXPLANATION CONCERNING A NUCLEAR ACCIDENT UPON THIS WORLD WITH INTEREST.

HOWEVER, SHE WISHES TO ASK WHY THE LAST REPORTS FROM THE DOOMED WORLD SPOKE OF CHOLERA AND BUBONIC PLAGUE.

WHAT ARE YOU IMPLYING?

WE ARE IMPLYING, GENERAL, THAT SOMETHING ELSE MIGHT HAVE DESTROYED THIS WORLD BEFORE THE FIRESTORMS WERE USED TO ERADICATE THE EVIDENCE.

PERHAPS SOME METHOD FOR INDISCRIMINATELY SPREADING KILLER DISEASES AND SUFFERING AMONGST WHOLE GLOBAL POPULATIONS...

YOU ARE TALKING ABOUT RATWAR.

AT LAST.

YES, GENERAL.

WE ARE TALKING ABOUT RATWAR.

RATWAR: MILLIONS OF DISEASED, VICIOUS RATS, THEIR MOVEMENTS CONTROLLED BY MAN, FLOWING ACROSS A WORLD IN PREDETERMINED VECTORS CARRYING PLAGUE, MADNESS, DEATH...

NO FORM OF WARFARE IS MORE HORRIBLE. THEY BANNED IT A CENTURY AGO.

YOUR ALLEGATIONS ARE RIDICULOUS. FOR RATWAR, ONE NEEDS A RARE, SUPER-INTELLIGENT RAT TO ACT AS AN INTERMEDIARY.

DO YOU HAVE EVIDENCE THAT I HAVE OBTAINED SUCH A BEAST?

A RAT KING? NO. SADLY, WE DO NOT.

A RAT KING... SEVERAL RATS KNOTTED INTO ONE INTELLIGENCE. I'VE SEEN A RAT KING. THERE WAS ONE ON THE CLARA PANDY, BEING TAKEN TO TARANTULA.

I SAVED ITS LIFE.

I HAVE NEVER USED, NOR THOUGHT OF USING, RATWAR IN TARANTULA.

WITHOUT EVIDENCE TO BACK YOUR SLANDEROUS FANTASIES, I SUGGEST THESE HEARINGS ARE BOTH A FARCE AND AN INSULT.

GOOD DAY.

THE RATS WERE DROPPED UPON THE WARZONE.

THEY ATE THE WHOLE WORLD AND GNAWED ON THE BONES OF ITS CHILDREN.

MY FAULT. ALL MY FAULT.

I SAVED ITS LIFE.

OH, LUIZ...

LUIZ, YOU LIED.





"GOODBYE."

HE WALKS AWAY, SMUG, CONTENTED. WITHIN TEN MINUTES HE'LL BE A PUDDLE OF JELLY. HE DOESN'T KNOW IT YET, BUT HE'S DEAD.



HIM, TOY, BRINNA, LUDY, RODICE... ALL OF THEM GONE. EVEN ME, THE INNOCENT GIRL I THOUGHT I ONCE WAS. SHE'S GONE TOO. MY WHOLE PAST LIES STONE DEAD.

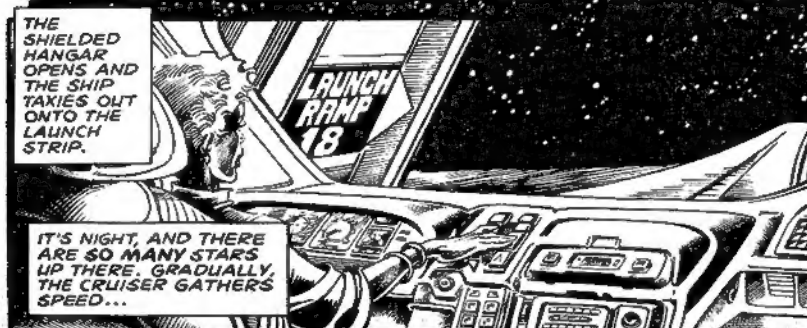
ALL I HAVE NOW IS MY FUTURE.



SERGEANT JONES, AS AUTHORIZED BY GENERAL CANNIBAL. I'M TAKING THE CRUISER FOR A TEST FLIGHT. I HAVE THE KEYS HERE.

FINE. WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

OUT.



THE SHIELDED HANGAR OPENS AND THE SHIP TAKES OUT ONTO THE LAUNCH STRIP.

IT'S NIGHT, AND THERE ARE SO MANY STARS UP THERE. GRADUALLY, THE CRUISER GATHERS SPEED...



THE NOSE LIFTS AS I PREPARE TO TEAR FREE OF MOAB'S GRAVITY.



IT FEELS LIKE A WEB, STRAINING AGAINST ME, GROWING TAUT. FINALLY, SNAPPING STRAND BY STRAND...

...AND THEN I'M OUT.



JUST OUT.

END OF BOOK THREE



THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS

BIOLOGICAL
WARFARE

2168: THE OFFICES OF
SULTRY AND DESULTORY—

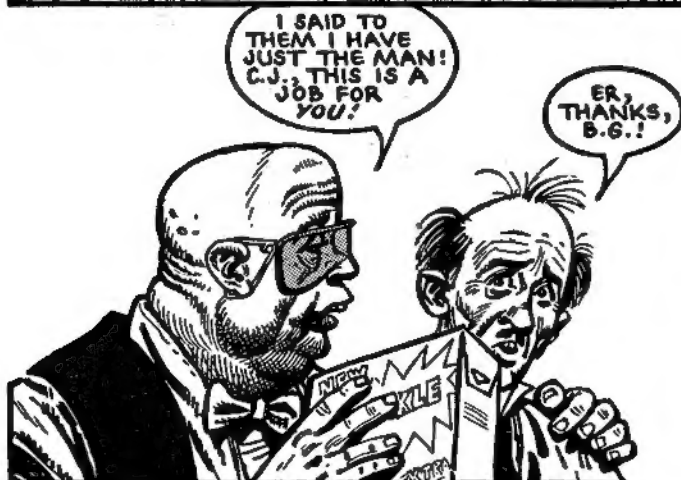
GENTLEMEN,
THE MAKERS OF
"SPARKLE" WANT
US TO PREPARE A
DAZZLING AD
CAMPAIGN TO
RELAUNCH THEIR
PRODUCT!

NO EXPENSE IS TO BE
SPARED! THEY WANT A
30-SECOND ALL-ACTION
EPIC WHICH WILL INCREASE
THEIR SALES BY 100%!



I SAID TO
THEM I HAVE
JUST THE MAN!
C.J., THIS IS A
JOB FOR
YOU!

ER,
THANKS,
B.G.!



HOW THE HELL
AM I GOING TO
GET A BLOCK-BUSTING
EPIC ABOUT A
SOAP-POWDER?



HEY—WHAT'S
THIS IN THE
PAPER?

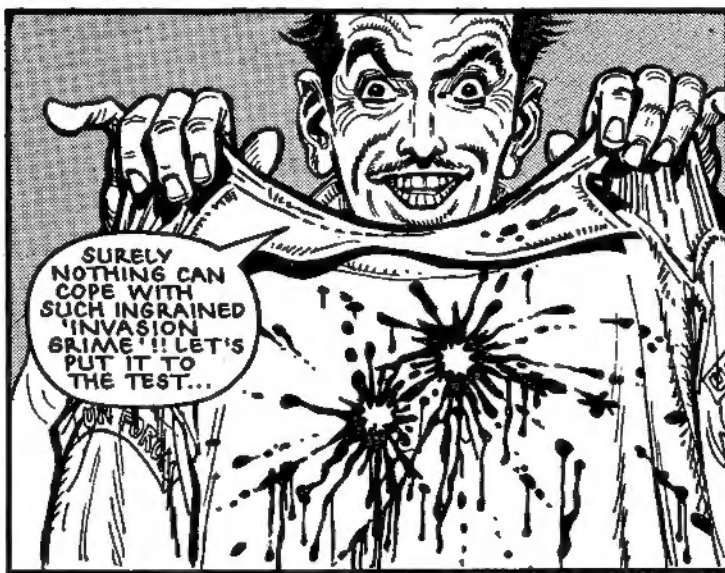
INTERVIEWER ASKS
**VEGANS CLAIM
EARTH IS THEIRS**

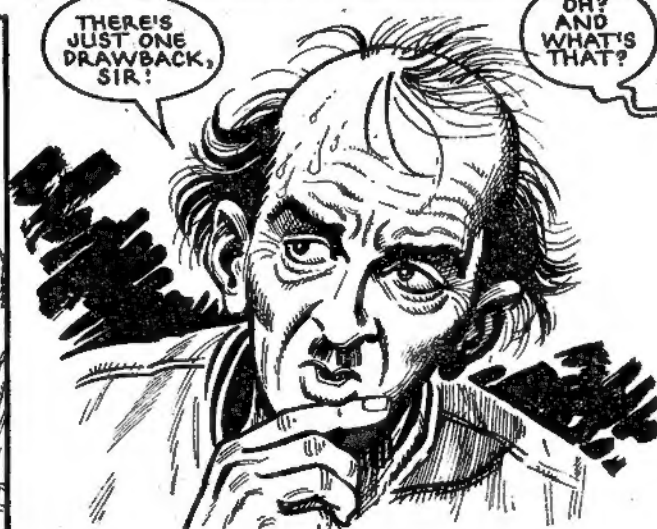


2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
O.A. STEPANIUK
ART ROBOT
JOHN STOKES
LETTERING ROBOT
STEVE POTTER
COMPU-73e

THAT'S
IT! I'VE
GOT THE
NEW AD!









JUDGE DREDD ALBUM FREEBIE!

Published by Titan Books, the seventh collection of Judge Dredd adventures reprinted from 2000 AD features the artwork of Carlos Ezquerro.

The stories are: *Night Of The Red Beast*, *Requiem For A Heavyweight* and *Condo*.

To get your grabbers on one of these sizzaz albums, simply send a postcard with your name and address to the Nerve Centre. Mark your card "JUDGE DREDD ALBUM FREEBIE". The senders of the first 15 cards picked out of Terry's Betelgeusian Hat on 14th May will each receive a copy of the album.

Meanwhile, on sale now is *Judge Dredd 3*, featuring the art of Ron Smith. The album comprises three classic Dredd adventures, including *The Stupid Gun* - the bizarre weapon which can turn citizens into mindless morons...if they're not that already!



ADVERTISEMENT

WAR OF ATTRITION!



Rogue Trooper Book Two continues Rogue's deadly war over attrition against the vicious Norts on Nu Earth, featuring six of the earliest stories, including *Blagman Blues* and *Blitz of No Helm*. By Gerry Finley-Day, Dave Gibbons, Cam Kennedy, Colin Wilson and Brett Evans.

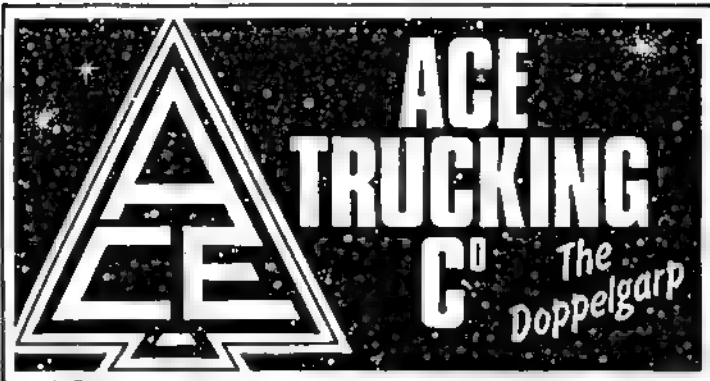
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BERNARD MATTHEWS SPACEPORT,
PLANET UCKPUCK. A DELEGATION
OF CUSTOMS CHICKENS BOARDS
THE SPACE LUG SPEEDO GHOST—

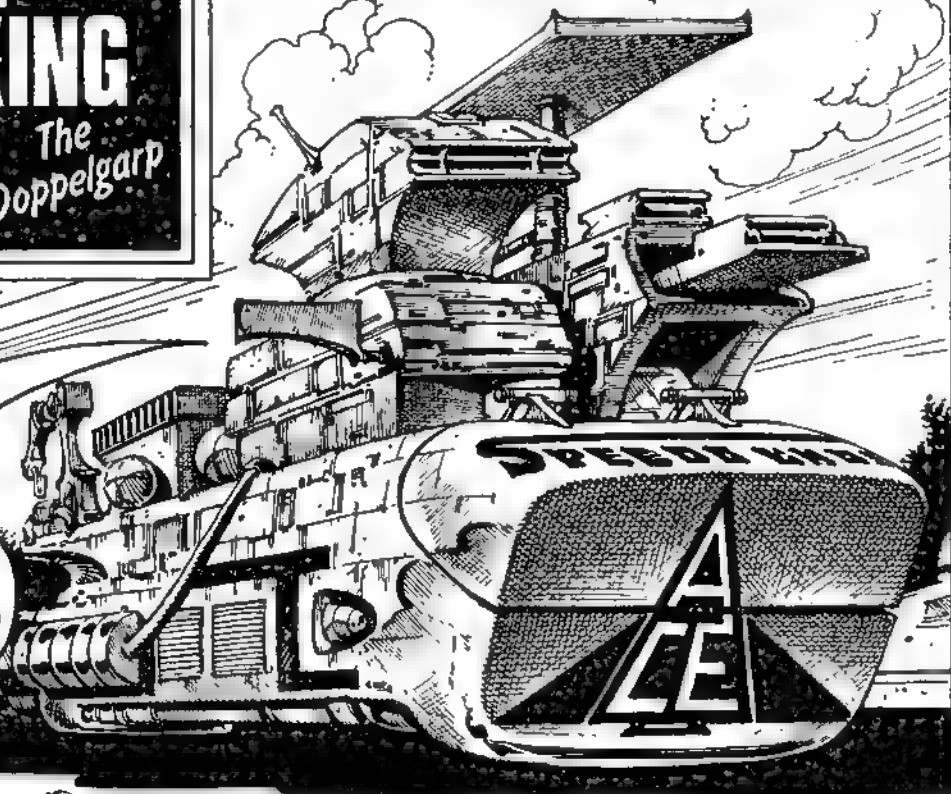
CAPTAIN HORATIO LEGHORN,
YOU AND YOUR DOUGHTY OFFICERS
HAVE PULLED OFF THE BIGGEST
BOOZLBUG SEIZURE IN
UCKPUCK HISTORY!

NOT ONLY THAT,
YOU HAVE BROUGHT
TO JUSTICE TWO OF
THE MOST SCHEMING,
CONNIVING, UNDERHAND
BUGSMUGGLERS THIS
UNIVERSE HAS EVER
KNOWN—THE
NOTORIOUS
CAPTAINS
GARP!

2000AD
Credit Card:

SCRIPT ROBOT
GRANT/GROVER
ART ROBOT
BELARDINELLI
LETTERING ROBOT
TONY JACOB

COMPU-73



IN RECOGNITION
OF YOUR BRAVERY
AND DEDICATION,
IT GIVES ME GREAT
PLEASURE TO AWARD
YOU THE HIGHEST
HONOUR IN CHICKENDOM—
AN HONOUR THAT THE
GREAT ROOSTER
COGBURN HIMSELF
HAS NOT YET
ACHIEVED—THE
FABULOUS
PULLEZZER
PRIZE!

STEP
FORWARD,
HERO!

MY PLEASURE
TO ACCEPT,
GOOD BUDDY!

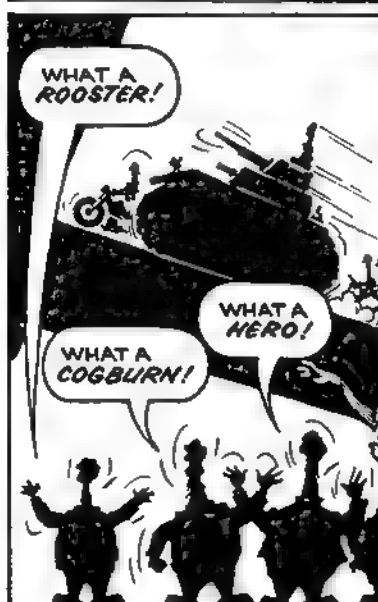
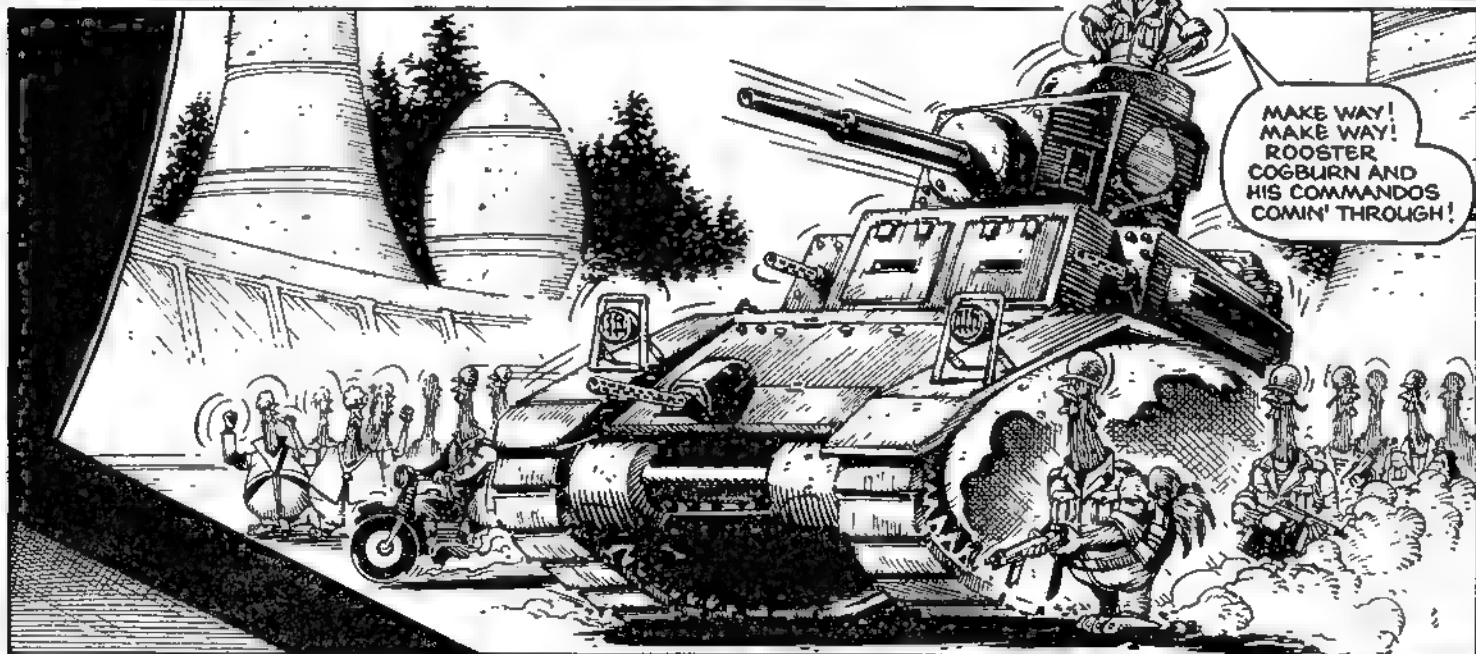


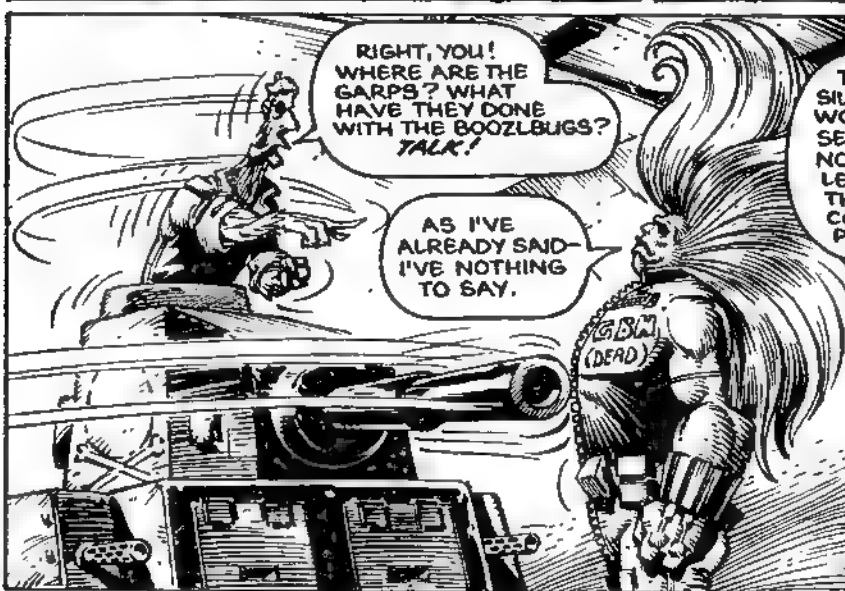
TOSS!

FLIP!

GULP!









I KNEW TODAY WAS GONNA BE A WASH-OUT THE MOMENT I GOT UP. MY PET RAT HAD LEFT A MESSAGE IN MY BOOTS. I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT MEANT BUT IT WASN'T GOOD MORNING - NOT UNLESS YOU SPELT IT "SQUISH".

I'D A 9 A.M. CONTRACT TO DO OVER IN DON NEIL BLOCK, SO I KITTED UP AND HOVVED ON OVER...

DONALD NEIL
BLOCK

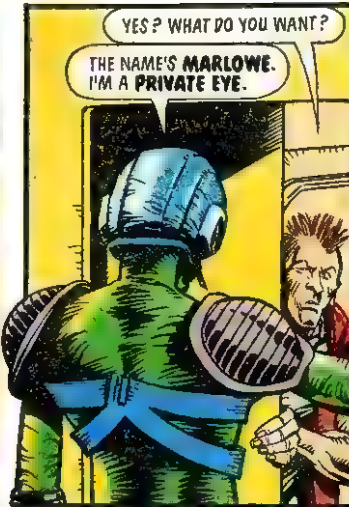
JUDGE DREDD

THE BIG SLEEP

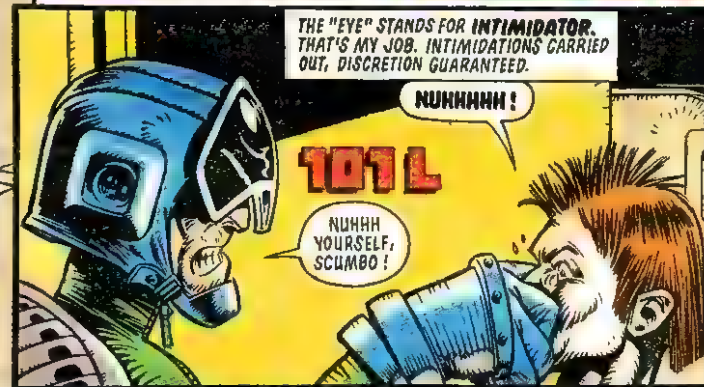
PART 1



SAP WAS DOWN FOR A SIMPLE ARM FRACTURE. THAT WOULD MAKE MY 834TH YOU MIGHT SAY I'M GETTIN' TO BE A BIT OF A BONE SPECIALIST.



YES? WHAT DO YOU WANT?
THE NAME'S MARLOWE. I'M A PRIVATE EYE.

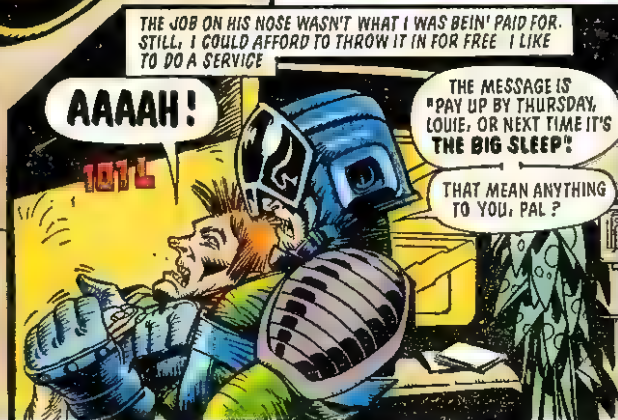


THE "EYE" STANDS FOR INTIMIDATOR. THAT'S MY JOB. INTIMIDATIONS CARRIED OUT, DISCRETION GUARANTEED.

NUHHHH!

101L

NUHHH YOURSELF, SCUMBO!



THE JOB ON HIS NOSE WASN'T WHAT I WAS BEIN' PAID FOR. STILL, I COULD AFFORD TO THROW IT IN FOR FREE I LIKE TO DO A SERVICE

AAAAH!

101L

THE MESSAGE IS "PAY UP BY THURSDAY, LOUIE, OR NEXT TIME IT'S THE BIG SLEEP!"

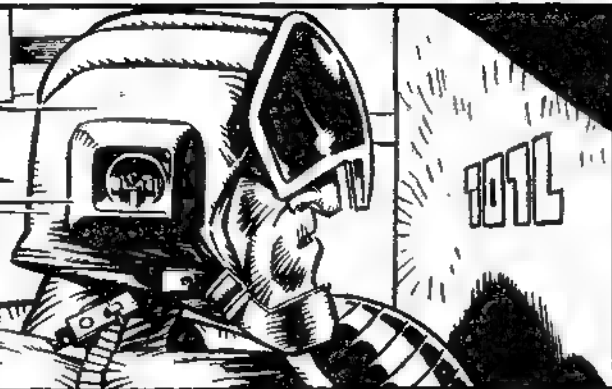
THAT MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU, PAL?



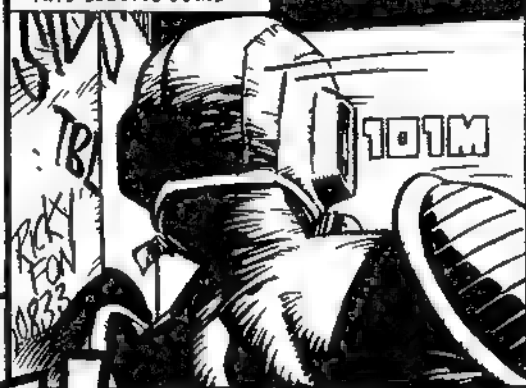
SURE! IT MEANS YOU'RE AN IDIOT! I AIN'T LOUIE - LOUIE LIVES NEXT DOOR!

I'D GOT THE NUMBER WRONG.
WHAT THE HELL — GUY
COULD HAVE THAT ONE ON ME.

LOOK ON THE BRIGHT
SIDE, PAL — THAT'S A
THOUSAND CRED
JOB YOU GOT THERE.
ABSOLUTELY FREE.



I WENT NEXT DOOR AND CHECKED THE NUMBER
REAL GOOD THIS TIME. DIDN'T WANT TO HAVE
TO MAIM HALF THE BLOCK BEFORE I GOT TO
THIS ELUSIVE LOUIE —



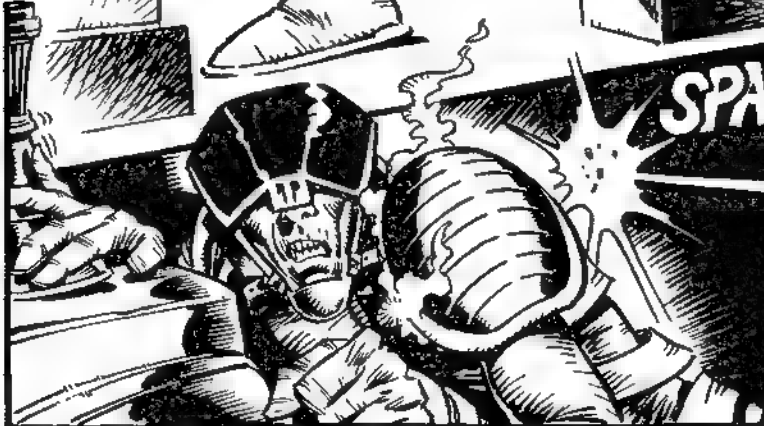
THIS TIME I DISPENSED WITH THE FORMALITIES.
I WAS RUNNIN' LATE —



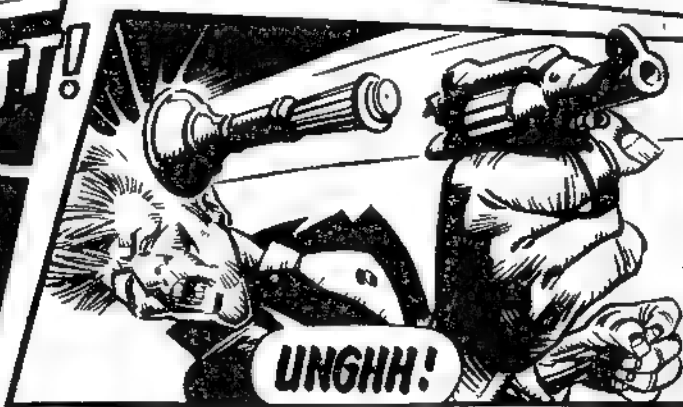
THAT'S WHEN MY DAY TOOK
A DEFINITE DIVE —



SPATT!

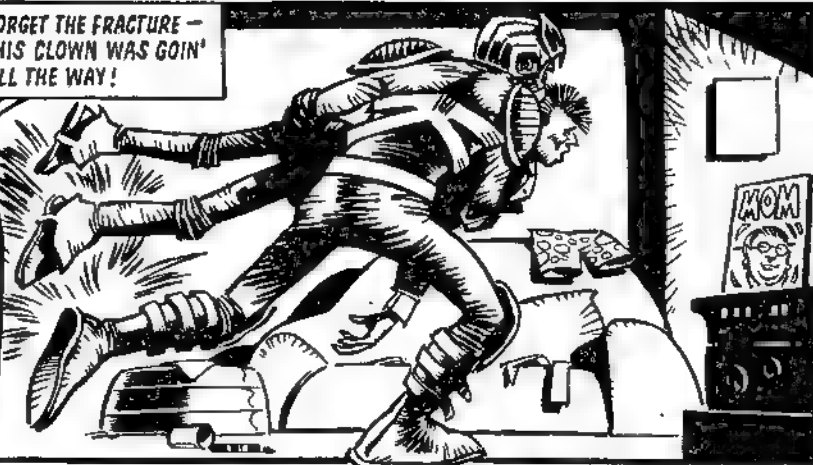


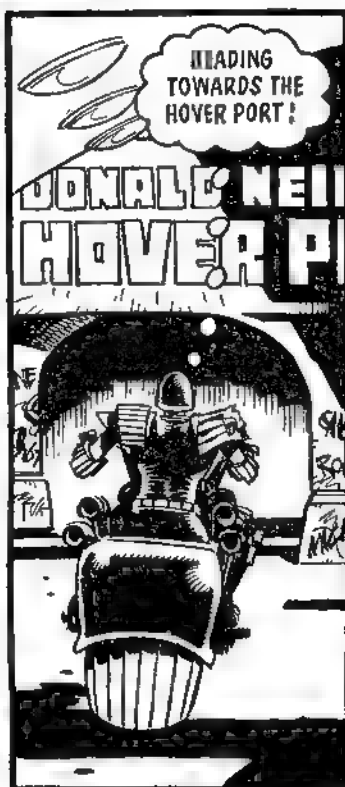
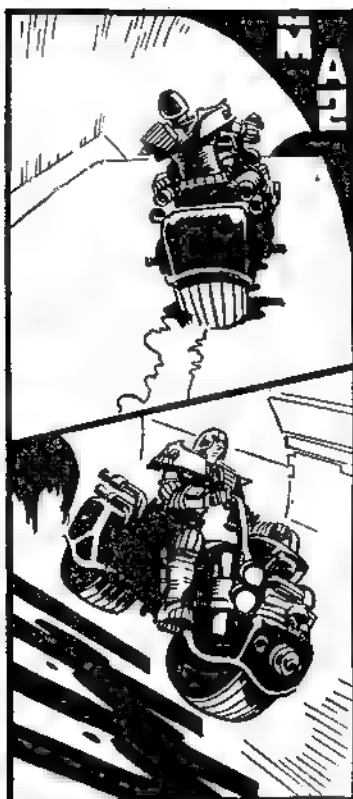
UNGGH!





FORGET THE FRACTURE —
THIS CLOWN WAS GOIN'
ALL THE WAY!







AHHH!

VRMMMMMMMMMM

BLAAM!

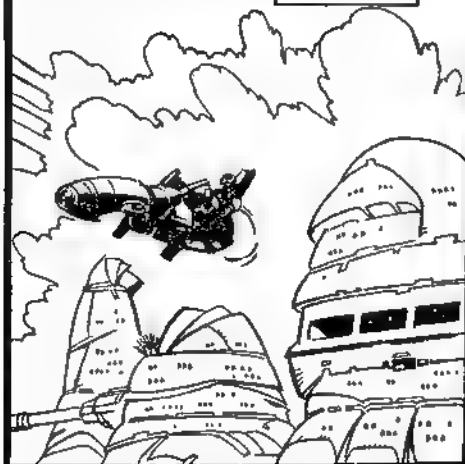
THUD!



CONTROL! PERP ON **OMOPOD**. HEADING EAST THROUGH SECTOR. PROBABLE LINK WITH THE LEAPER. GET AN H-WAGON AFTER HIM.

WILCO!

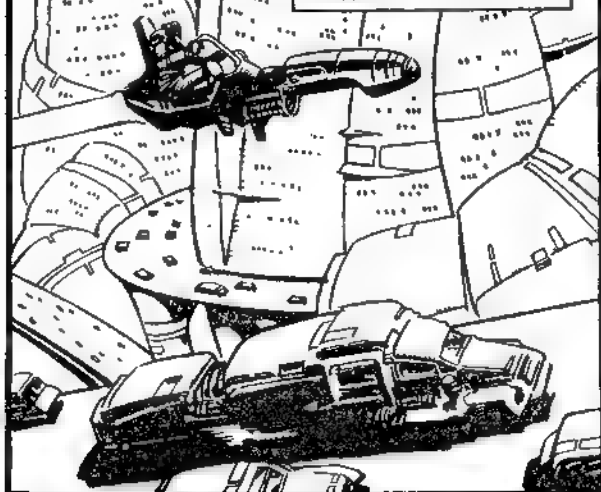
I WALKED RIGHT INTO THAT ONE. THREE SLUGS IN ME. AND ALL FOR A ROUTINE BONE JOB. I KNEW IT WAS GONNA BE A BAD DAY.



BUT IT WASN'T JUST THE DAY. SOMETHIN' ELSE WAS BAD - THIS **WHOLE JOB!**

LOUIE HAD BEEN WAITING FOR ME - WAITING TO GIVE ME THE **BIG SLEEP**. WHY? HOW DID HE KNOW I WAS COMING?

WHO'D TIPPED HIM OFF?



I WAS DYING. I KNEW IT. BUT BEFORE I WENT I WAS GOING TO GET SOME ANSWERS.

NEXT PROG:
**HERRY
KERRY!**



THARG'S

FUTURE-SHOCKS

THE ALTERATION



2000AD
Credit Card:

SCRIPT: BOBET
GRANT MORRISON
ART: MURPHY
ALAN LAMFORD
LETTERS: BOBET
TONY JACUS

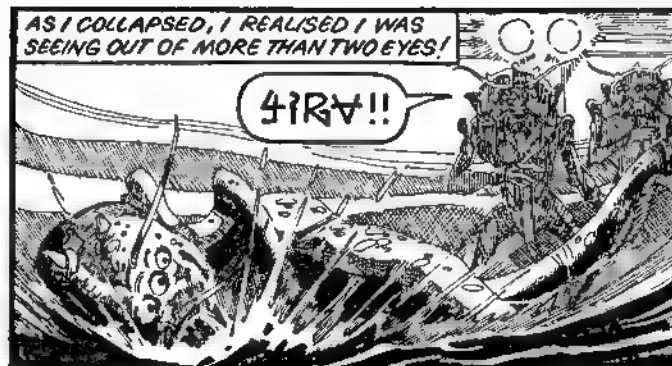
COMPU-73



MY BLOOD
BECAME THIN
AND VERY HOT.

URRF!!

I WAS BECOMING
ONE OF THEM!



AS I COLLAPSED, I REALISED I WAS
SEEING OUT OF MORE THAN TWO EYES!

4IRV!!



THEN, SOMETHING HAPPENED
TO MY HEARING.

ZUBBLI! SPEAK
TO ME, ZUBBLI!



AND AS I LOOKED INTO A
QUINTET OF PURPLE EYES...
I REMEMBERED!

DARLING?

OH, DOCTOR.
HE'S CURED!



SO THERE YOU HAVE IT,
VIEWERS! IF YOU PLAN TO
VISIT PLANET EARTH MAKE
SURE YOU'RE VACCINATED!



OTHERWISE, YOUR
PLIABLE MOLECULAR
STRUCTURE WILL CAUSE
YOU TO END UP LIKE
ZUBBLI... DISFIGURED
BY HUMANITIS!



CARING PSEUDPODS

HEALTH DEPARTMENT

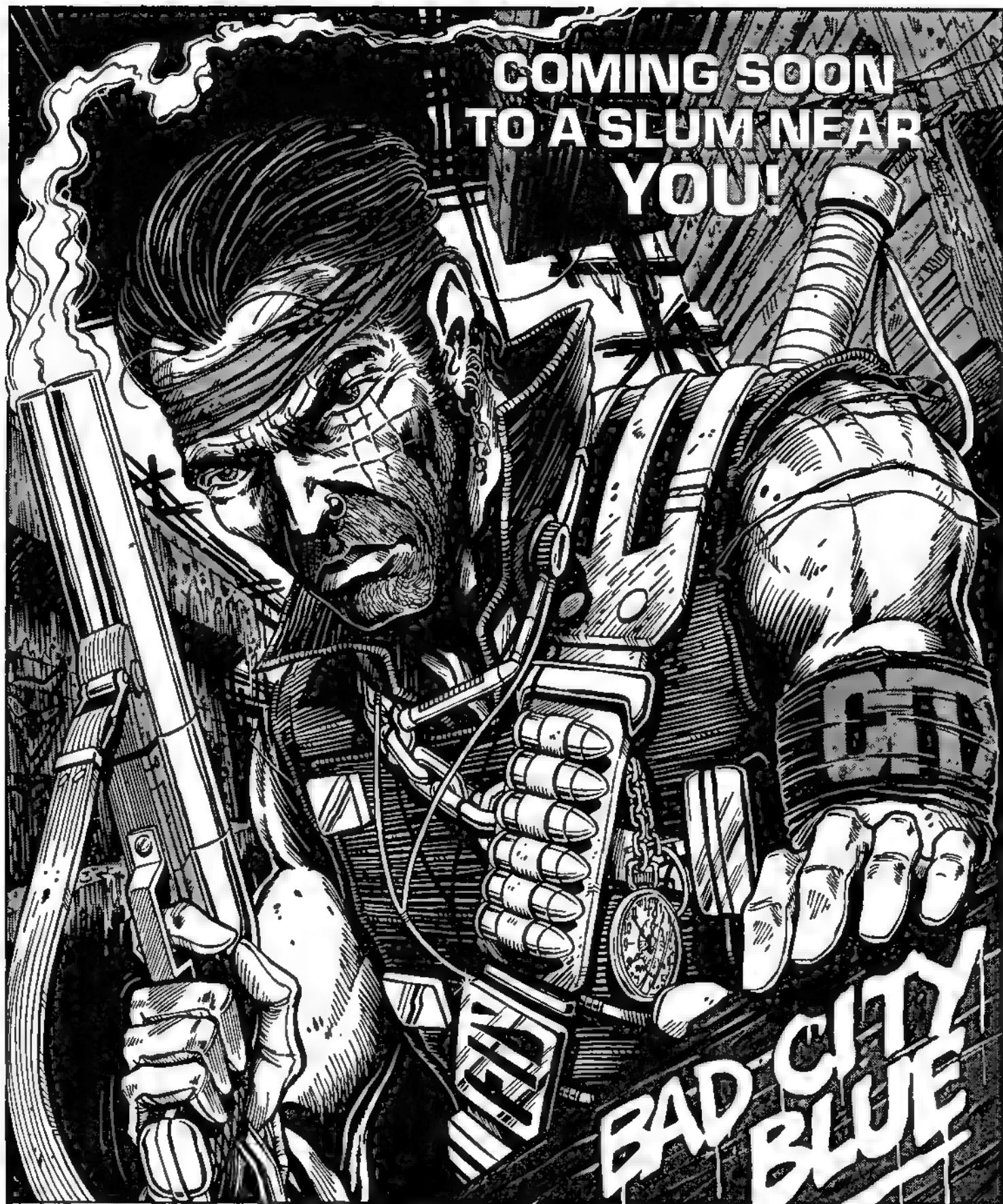
'HEALTHY & HAPPY'

THIS HAS BEEN
A HEALTH
DEPARTMENT
PSYCOMMERCIAL!



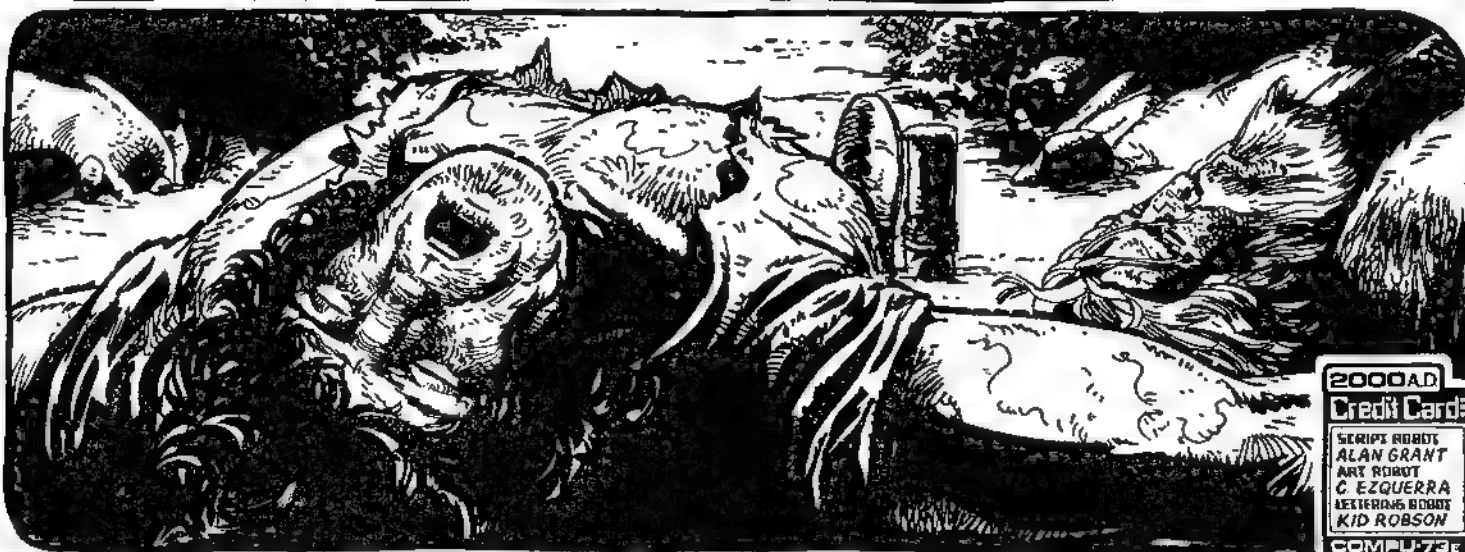
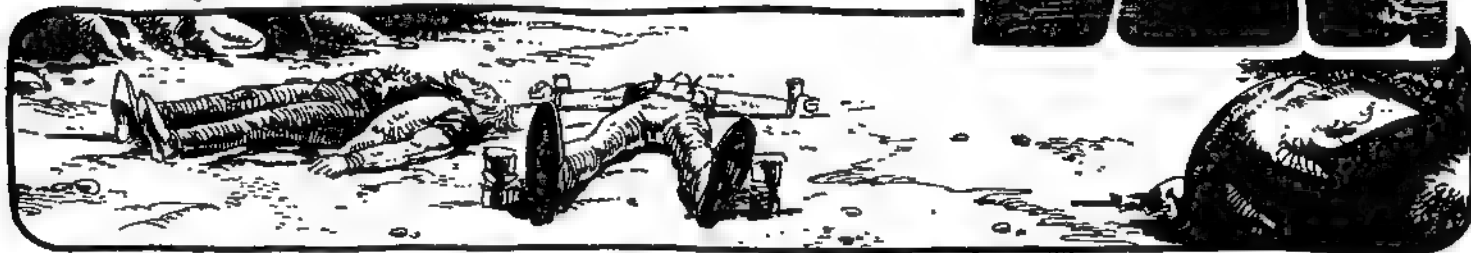
COMING SOON
TO A SLUM NEAR
YOU!

BAD CITY
BLUE



MOONDOG MOUNTAIN,
SMILEY'S WORLD.

Strontium DOG



2000AD
Credit Card
SCRIPTS ROBERT
ALAN GRANT
ART ROBERT
C. EZQUERRA
LETTERING ROBERT
KID ROBSON
COMPU-73E



OVER THERE, ELEANOR!



OH MY GOD!
WATER—!



WULF!



YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME, ELEANOR. THEY'RE DEAD!



WHO...WHO COULD HAVE DONE SUCH A THING?

MEN LIKE JOHNNY AND WULF MAKE A LOT OF ENEMIES.



SOME KIND OF TATTOO ON JOHNNY'S CHEST...

BUBBA? WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE THAT MEANS?

SOMETHING COOL TICKLES DOWN JOHNNY ALPHA'S PARCHED THROAT...

TRIGGERING A SWITCH IN HIS MUTANT BRAIN.

VOICES COME TO HIM, AS IF FROM FAR AWAY.



A WOMAN'S VOICE — SOMEONE HE KNOWS...







**2000 AD
STAR PIN-UP**

**JOHNNY ALPHA:
SOMEWHERE,
SOMEHOW,
BUBBA'S GONNA
PAY!**

ROGUE TROOPER by Gerry Finley-Day, Dave Gibbons and Col
ROGUE TROOPER
BOOK ONE

HEY, ROGUE!
IT'S OUR 1ST
TITAN ALBUM!

AN' 2000 AD'S
GOT **25 COPIES**
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